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MORNING AND EVENING.

In the dawn a pale star hung, and a bright one lit the West,
Its clouds of evil shape and a towering mountain crest,
A stream of light ran over the rim of the liquid morn.
On the long shore then the boom of the tide at flood was born.

The light filled all my heart, but the long boom drowned
my soul:
Its sweep of power and passion made heart and spirit whole.
Within I felt a stirring, my kinship with these three,
With beauty and light and power, with star and dawn
and sea.

I loved the light of the star and the brightening face of
the dawn,
But mostly my love to the roar of the lordly sea was drawn.
A shell it was that ended my kinship with these three,
With beauty and light and power, with star and dawn
and sea.

A shell that lay forgotten, unwept in funeral rune,
Yet ever moaned its story of joy in the golden June,
And I thought of a moaning heart that the waves in cruel
strife
Would throw some day on the shore of the surging ocean
of life.

The heat that swelled with power and beat with the
booming tide

Shall sing with shell-like voice of the joy that lived and died
In a voice that speaks of summer, of summer's sheaves
 of gold,
But falls from the lips of winter wrinkled and thin and cold.

I turned me from the pride of the loudly sounding sea
To the green old mountains brooding in vast humility,
Bereft of pomp and grandeur, my kinship with these three,
With beauty and light and power, with star and dawn
 and sea.

Thomas P. Travers, '99.

ROMANCE AND THE EFFECTS OF ITS REVIVAL.

(Read on Washington's Birthday.)

I F Carlyle were still among the living and interviewed as to what he thought of modern men and conditions, he would, I imagine, answer somewhat after this fashion: "A fitful generation it is, indeed, and the shouting and riotous clamor that I hear sounded round about me are insane shouts—echoes of a madhouse and mistaken by enthusiasts as sincere utterances for a better state of things." Now, while the estimate held of Carlyle has been reversed to a certain extent since his death, yet, this grim Scotchman uttered many a truth and exhortation in life to a world that was loath to listen. And the sentence attributed to him would not diverge very widely from truth if he were called upon to sum up the notes of this end-of-the century civilization; for the few years that are to round out the century are feverish and full of excitement. In civil affairs everything is at high tension; and,

we are truthfully told by the lover of epigrams that literature is a reflection of life; hence we must expect to find some echoes of this excitement in the realm of letters. We have this counterpart in the weary but important contention going on between the realists, idealists, romanticists, impressionists, etc. To the layman this conflict for supremacy between these various schools may seem a childish and bootless wrangle, but let us not be unmindful of the fact that the cackling of geese once saved Rome, and the little battle now waging between the *isms* and the *ists* that these latter years have given birth to will be as propitious to literature as the outlandish noise of a few bipeds was to the ancient city of the Caesars. The conflict has come to such a pass that no gift of prophecy is needed to discern the outcome, though dipping into future in matters literary is always a more or less hazardous undertaking. The claims upon which the disputants based their title of supremacy have been exposed and explained. Realism and the other travesties which have forged into prominence have proven their insufficiency. They have had the life of at least two generations in which to develop and make good the promises of their prophets. Since the death of Tennyson they have had unlimited sway. They have not been compelled to submit to any living voice, and hence no traditional dependence upon the great lights of literature cramped their powers, for with the passing away of Tennyson the last leader went forth and the worship of the golden calves began in earnest. "The old order changeth," and the

work of the hackwriter has become, we are told, in point of technique and handling much better than formerly. Allowing this, we have meted out to the new order and to the innovators all praise due them. Even William Dean Howells confesses that the innovations of the last few decades have worked harm to letters. Such intense devotion to realism and its accompanying evils and to "purpose" novels could not but be a potent factor in demonstrating the inability of the innovators to improve on the order which they assisted to demolish. But the sun is emerging from out the East and the fashions and fancies of present literature must vanish with the approach of day. Imaginative romance is again attracting attention, and this indicates a return to an order which is bound to be more fruitful than that which it is supplanting.

Reverting, to consider the beginnings of the great period of romanticism we notice, strange as it may seem, a striking similarity between the opening and closing years of the present century. Both extremes witness great changes. With the inception of the century men's minds became infected with the idea that the civil order must be spurned and something new inaugurated in its stead. To accomplish this columns of soldiery were set in motion, and began to march and counter-march across the continent of Europe, their banners emblazoned with the magic words *Liberty*, *Equality*, and *Fraternity*. In literature the state of affairs was paralleled by a desire to break away from the forms and traditions which were followed

so assiduously during the century that had gone before. The style of literature during the eighteenth century was pronouncedly classical, as Tayne says, and classical is synonymous with an adherence to certain prescribed forms and usages. The tyranny of artificial tastes, of conventional models, and of dead formalities must be done away with. Originality must be given free rein, and everything not comporting with this idea must be removed. These were the conditions existing, when Scott, the greatest exponent of imaginative romance, entered the lists of battle with the false tendencies of his time—tendencies which were slowly engrafting themselves upon literature and which could not well co-exist with the saving restraints of the former period. But the *Wizard of the North* rose above them—mastered them—and in the position which they would have assumed placed the products of his fertile imagination which can be compared only to the imagination of him who watched by the great loom of nature as she wove her web of mystery and secret—namely, the poet of all time—Shakespeare. In Scott romance and imagination were fused together, and in him imaginative romance found its highest expression. Since his death it has had a checkered career and indeed in literature no peculiarity except change and revolution stands out prominently in the years that have come and gone since the *Wizard of the North* passed away. The similarity which we alluded to consists in this, that at the beginning of the century we find the highest form of romance and alongside the placing of causes that were to operate so dis-

astrously to it: at the end of the century another change occurs, and we witness the gradual abolition of those causes, a general dissatisfaction with their results, and the *renaissance* of the romance after losing most of its vitality during the intervening years.

The present revival of romance may be dated approximately from the publication of Stevenson's "Treasure Island", and as an authority for this statement the well-known critic Edmund Gosse may be cited. By it Stevenson vindicated his right to be numbered among the disciples of Scott, and hence was the first champion to throw down the gauntlet to the theories and deteriorating influences of the period. He dislodged them from a position in which they had securely entrenched themselves, for, as Frederic Harrison wrote in an article on the Victorian writers in the Forum of '94, "our present literature has slight tendencies toward imagination," and this was equal to asserting that the false was in the ascendancy, for imaginative literature may be considered the opposite of liberal and wrong tendencies.

The first effect wrought by this revival has been the weakening of theories and standards which lured writers away from the path which had been trodden by those of their predecessors who attained success and lasting fame. Secondly, this revival can do much toward the strengthening or formation of an American literature, both in tone and substance; and this should especially appear to us at a time when the mention of *Old Glory* thrills us as it never did before, when the strains of "the

Star-Spangled Banner are heard in Porto Rico and on the ramparts of Santiago, and when its echoes borne on the wings of morning come welling back from far-away Manilla." Scott unveiled the beauty of his country's fastnesses and lakes in his romances and proved that the simple life of the Scotchman yields as readily to the pen of the romanticist as more pretentious themes. We Americans seem to think at times that life must be decked out with the trappings of royalty and savor of "dimly lighted cathedrals" or of "aged castles" in order to possess an interest for us. But the drama of life is worked out as thoroughly in the life of the ordinary mortal just as well as in the life of him who is isolated from his fellow-men by the possession of sceptre and crown. We feel when reading *Waverly* or the *Lady of the Lake*, for instance, that Sir Walter by depicting the common Scotchman in his native environments has performed a greater act of patriotism than the bravest of his brothers in battle.

We still need a picture of colonial days, of revolutionary times, and of the different epochs of our country's history. What better theme could be chosen by the romanticist than the development of our country during any of its periods, for, as Henry Watterson said in his Edgar Allen Poe Memorial Oration,—“Nothing in romance surpasses the wondrous story of this Republic.” Writers need not turn their eyes Europeward when seeking material. The splash of the oar and the swift gliding of the red man's canoe upon the bosom of our Western rivers were just as musical as the

movements of the gondola upon the waters of Venice. Venice, it is true, has her long history, and the gondolier as he plies his oar is surrounded on all sides by story and tradition, but our country has her legends as well. And for the historical associations of years with which almost every hill and dale of Europe are invested we prefer the strong, upbuilding influence of a young country's history and an account of the wonderful stream of human life that poured across it with its trials and accomplishments—accomplishments that are *more* startling than the deeds of chivalrous knights and *more* inspiring than the songs of the troubadours of "ye olden time." The intense yearning for liberty which set the continental armies in motion, the amalgamation of colonies that were before bound together by a rope of sand, the end of foreign rule, the gradual decline of the red man's power, the substitution of the white man's prestige, the founding of the small communities that dotted the stretches of our prairie lands,—who is to catch the spirit that actuated and brought all this to a successful completion! The intriguing and rapid succession of court events pale into insignificance in comparison with these stirring themes. America furnishes the situation most demanded by the romanticist. This *loafing around the throne* tendency, as Secretary of State Hayes expressed it in one of his dialect poems, needs to be discountenanced. The scenes and situations of romance abound, and if the human qualities which interest us most need particular emphasis, where were more courage and bravery displayed than by the

pioneers who witnessed the growth of the country during its various stages! Where were more courage and bravery displayed than in the building up of our Western country by those undaunted souls who guided caravans across the dangerous passes of the Rockies, fording treacherous streams, resolutely bearing on to light up the vast expanse of country with civilization, as it were, by the lurid gleams of their camp fires! Proper direction of the immense amount of talent being expended upon ephemeral themes will bring about the desired results.

Thus we have sketched romance, its rebirth, and its possible results. On account of the great benefits which this revival can produce, let us hope that it will prosper and assist our country to the foremost place in the world of letters. The tri-colored symbol hoisted highest in the department of literature will wave as *majestically* there as it now waves and shall always "wave

O'er the land of the free and the home
of the brave."

Michael T. Noocy.



FLOWERS.

Lord Winter sings a doleful song
That rends the biting winter air,
That breathes revenge in wild despair
Like one who fails while trying long.

"Ungrateful race! I bear you hate!
But yet my nature, rough and rude,
Finds sympathy in some soft mood—
My lot is hard, a piteous state."

The child that dreamed of vernal bowers
As through the bloom of May it slips
While gracious smiles steal o'er its lips
Awakes to find itself in flowers.

The wind would shriek with fury wild;
But rarest flowers of golden hue,
That glitter as in morning dew
Wink welcome to the gazing child.

Dead flowers created by the cold
Enlivened by the morning glow
Entice the child, and it will go,
The roses nearer to behold.

Thy joy, O child is sorrow's seed
For winter roses will deceive;
The flowers you now fresh believe,
In warm embrace to death will bleed.

VITUS A. SCHUETTE, '99.

STRAY LEAVES FROM A NOTE-BOOK.

A trinity there seems of principles,
Which represent and rule created life—
The love of self, our fellows and our God.—Bailey.

Man, creation's crown, is a creature of many aims, moods, thoughts, passions, etc., which are controlled by two direct influences—that of good or ill—the highest duty of whom is comprised in the precepts, love to God, self, and fellow-man. There are two principles by which we act upon the minds of fellow-man; to wit, power and influence. Power is chiefly exerted in the shape of authority and is limited in its action. Influence has its source in human sympathy and is boundless in its operation. If there be any doubt which of these principles contributes most to the mould of human character, we have only to look around us. We see that power, while it regulates men's actions, cannot reach opinion, modify disposition, implant sentiment or alter character. This is the work of influence. Men often resist power while they yield to influence an unconscious acquiescence. What occasions the various physiognomies of the different tribes of human kind? If we extend our view into every ramification of society, we note that the cause lies not in systematic endeavors to give current to thought, but in the influence which institutions exercise upon their members. Hence the deduction necessarily follows, that men achieve the greatest triumphs not by express behests or

prohibitions only, but also by indirect influence emanating from the spirit of letters. Influence then is a powerful and oftentimes dangerous ally of man and nation; as a consequence also of national literature. Every human being is a centre of influence for good or ill. No man can live unto himself alone. Never were the meshes of a net more closely knit than man to man. We possess a mind as sensitive to quick impression as the film of a camera: We find the impression of influence exerted in the mine of the main-spring of human nature—literature.

A chary study of a nation's literature manifests to an observer a tetrad of german forces; viz., race, epoch, individual, and environment. Each of these agencies are cogent factors in characterizing the complexion and bulk of national literature. Their history is identical with that of man. It is cognate with the life of a nation, expands, culminates, and dies. Race and epoch are definite in effect. Race is broader, while epoch is more definite in influence. The Greek, Roman, French, German, English, each eponymous race has a distinctive literature. National history we divide into dynasties; national literature has its epochs no less. The epoch gradually rises, culminates in some individual character, and again recedes to more narrow literature. Of all forces individual and environments are most potent in efficiency. The moral *role* of a nation's literature, its psychological and ethical traits are effected chiefly by individual and environment. The individual is connected with epoch positively or nega-

tively. The exponent of an epoch is the individual that expresses the most positive tendencies of his time. If such are good and ennobling, he will be the most noble man; if base and degrading, he will be the most ignoble. Literature, then, must needs be the incarnation of a nation's spirit. If it mirrors good, truth, and beauty in the thought of thinking souls, it emanates from high-minded men, not men whose souls have festered and run out of their bodies in virus of bias, heterodoxy, immorality, etc. Literature must pay an incomparable tribute to a nation and be effectual in the uplift of her social, political, and religious institutions. Such is her mission. To do less is to fail.

Let us apply this test to the status of the last two epochs of French literature, none other than which afford better instances to show the cogencies of her characteristic forces. One cast its thoughts in the mould of religion, the other in that of godlessness. The former beheld Corneille, Racine, Moliere, La Fontaine, Bossuet, Pascal, Fenelon, Boileau, Massillon, etc., throwing down the gauntlet into the arena of literature. The other epoch caters to a boastful scepticism and infidelity. When a Hugo, Montalembert, and Uzanam were succeeded by Voltaire, Rosseau, Montesquieu, Diderot, Delambert, Proudhon, Balsac, Sand, Zola, Dumas, Musset, and others, was there not a terribly real and palpable cause of alarm? Fortunately the princes of thought of the *fin de siecle* with Bourget and his satellites in the van will ostensibly mark a transition period in French literature.

During the *regime* of the debased Duke of

Orleans tare was sown into the garden of French literature. The prestige and sacrosanctity of the former epoch gave way to scepticism, atheism, etc. Bayle, the brusque blasphemer, was followed by Montesquieu, prime-mover of a compact which under the shield of pseudo-philosophy was hostile to Catholic principles. Their parole was, "*écrasez l'infame.*" Voltaire assumed the hegemony of this faction. Dalimville and others planned schemes of communism tending to bind individuals with a chain of social orders. The *recontre* of socialism and individualism awaited an impending catastrophe. Delambert and Diderot in 1750 published their Encyclopaedia. A throng of caviling *feuilletons* joined the fray. The Encyclopaedists bartered supernatural faith for rationalism whose contagion soon infected France with a dreadful malady. The ideal of a state, an institution for the care of man's physical need and spiritual freedom, became a congeries of loosely connected heterogenous and sympathetic elements. Brawn and brain were made restive under such restraint. The cataclysm predicted by Louis XIV was realized.

Thus will individual men characterize literature. The agencies concerned in the make-up of an individual are three; man's gentry, environment, and activity of life. To study intelligently a man's works, one must study these three forces. (a) That gentry influences the individual is demonstrated unto proof on the chart of experience. The child of a red-man never grew up with all the feelings of a European aristocrat. (b) There is influence in man's environments. Take the example of peace

and war. Peace is amiable, a gentle promoter of enterprises. She often leads men into paths of wealth and wisdom, but sometimes to things not so desirable. She fosters in some minds visionary schemes of socialism, Utopian dreams of government, fanciful theories of finance. She nurtures in others morbid prejudices born of past contests or of that intense conservatism that dreads lurking danger in every forward step. War mercilessly compels men to deal with real facts and actual needs. He requires them to exert all energies and pitilessly reveals to them all their limitations. Though with his hot breath he seems to sweep away figments of imaginations, visions of poets, antics of seers, and theories of philosophers, as hurricanes sweep away cobwebs; yet all national literature has its most beautiful blossoms indigenous to the soil of battle-fields. (c) The activity of one's life is for God or Mammon. If a nation has money-tyrants there is cause of complaint. Shylock has his brother, one in kind, else his real existence were a thing impossible. Ambition for wealth puts a damper on literary activity, it usurps the place of high ideals. We find the aggregate of distinctive qualities of the present epoch of French literature in Victor Hugo.

IGNATIUS F. ZIRCHER, '97.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOPE.

Without a mourner nature dies,
The flowers die, the birds retreat
With but the roaring north-wind's sighs
To mock their cruel defeat.

Old empires crumble, new ones rise;
Death is decreed to ev'ry mortal;
Aurora's bridegroom e'en now lies
With age oppressed immortal.

This world is but a mass of clay,
'Tis strong to-day, tomorrow dust;
No power can ruin's progress stay;
We cannot even nature trust.

Why should we then, since die we will,
But wear away our lives in work?
Why not enjoy each moment still,
And ev'ry duty shirk?

This were a mission too low for us.
Can we all cords of union break,
Between our fellow-men and us,
To work but when our own we stake?

The happiest life of all lives he
Who most assuages others' grief:
The birds are gleeful in the tree,
Because their song gives man relief.

And nature will revive in Spring;
Sad Ceres' daughter will return;
Our death a better life will bring
Which we by work can hope to earn.

PIUS A. KANNEY, '99.

CONTRASTED ASPECT OF THE NOVEL AND POETRY.

AN argument obtains at present between two literary factions. One party is convinced that moral and mental culture is best served by the study of poetry, and the other naturally holds that prose serves the same end with greater vigor. In this study of their several merits only one part of prose, the novel, will be considered. The writer would try to prove that poetry yields a richer return to its devotee than the novel yields to its student by applying the following scheme: First, the spirit of poetry is nobler than the spirit of prose; second, the structure of poetry is such that it conduces more to accurate mental habits than does the structure of the novel.

Of the many vain attempts to capture the spirit of poetry in terms, I have always considered as nearest approaching success the definitions of Wordsworth and Poe. Wordsworth addresses poetry as the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; Poe calls it rhythmical creation of beauty. Neither definition is wide enough, as, indeed, none can be, owing to the volatile nature of the subject. Moreover every definition of the spirit of poetry must take its color from the nature of its author's personal activities. It is quite natural that the author of the Bells should think melodious beauty the goal of the poet, and just as natural that Wordsworth, in whose eye lay a limpid harvest of

thoughts that had sprung up in a pure heart, should make the spirit of knowledge and the spirit of poetry almost interchangeable terms. Consequently all definitions must have only personal values. But we have one way by which we can get a more rounded idea of the spirit of poetry,—by fusing the noblest ideals of the noblest poets. Thus the local is lost in the universal, as morning stars melt into the sun-burst.

An element that we demand in all poetry is beauty. Before the first sin, when the bloom of innocence was yet on all things, man saw only things of beauty. His eye rested on the morning freshness of creation, stole upward to the singing spheres, and even looked unawed into the central depth of beauty—God Himself. The memory of that vision, marred by the fall, came down to us from Adam, and it is that which haunts all men in some degree, and in a more excellent degree the mind of the poet. Poe has nowhere brought into nimbler play his fine critical power than in his essay on the principle of poetry. He claims almost with passion that supernal beauty alone has imperative claims upon the poet.

Justice, truth, mercy, and the other attributes, whose sum is the Divinity have value only incidentally. We have already seen that beauty flows only from the Godhead, that beauty is in fact only the result of the harmony subsisting between those attributes which we ascribe to God. Consequently Poe addresses himself to beauty cut off from its source, to a stream cut off from its fountain head. His poetry is the child of its parent. To

continue the above metaphor, it is like the dry bed of a river in summer when bulrushes spring up in it, and will o' the wisps haunt it by night. After looking on this scene and after reading Poe's poems we are thrown into a similar mood. If it is not too fanciful I should like to compare Poe's words to the will o' the wisps; the latter we imagine to be lanterns of ghosts exiled from Heaven, and the words and thoughts of Poe seem melancholy wanderers from the Heaven they might have known.

Akin to Poe's notion of beauty is the popular one that catalogues it as a "divine despair." That is the Pagan view of it. Poetry must be sad to be effective; but that sadness may and ought from propriety be of the tang that, Father Faber says, impregnates all true religion. Such bitter-sweet sadness we find in the word "patria" at the end of the "O Salutaris." When thus rightfully employed the sadness which tinges poetry becomes a link in the golden chain that binds us to the feet of God. The value of these words may be strengthened by putting in contrast two excerpts from poems of Tennyson and Father Ryan. Tennyson's touch is human, Father Ryan's fringes the celestial:

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart and gather in the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more".

"The surest way to God
Is up the lonely stream of tears,
That flow when bending neath his rod,

And fill the tide of earthly tears.
Flow on, ye tears, and bear me home;
Flow not, ye deeper tears of woe.
Flow on, ye tears that are but foam
Of deeper waves that will not flow.
A little while,—I reach the shore
There tears flow not for evermore.”

The novel is morally inferior to the poem. The function of the novelist is avowedly to amuse. He leaps upon the stage like a gymnast, and surprises the eye with a thousand unexpected summersaults. We applaud his high kick, we marvel at his agility, but most men do not call these gymnastics moral, though we have lately been told that Margaret Fuller thought ballet-dancing pure religion. Do we want morality, we turn to poetry, we turn to the Magnificat, a poem coined in Mary's heart, or we turn to that room where she received the announcing angel. The room is filled with sacred shades, through the open lattice a net-work of moon-light falls upon the floor, the fragrant stillness of the night faintly vibrates to the heat of the angel's wing and down the long beam steals the Voice in, “Hail, full of Grace.” To which God's mother answer made: “Be it done to me according to thy word.” What sweet humility is echoed in these words.

In this scene we find feebly exemplified another function of the poet,—the crystallization in words of a soul-elevating mood. Because Cardinal Newman succeeds in putting into words the atmosphere of the time between death and judgment, his *Dream of Gerontius* is a great poem. Tennyson's “Break, Break, Break,” is another example of the

virtue the poet has to crystallize a mood.

If a man have a theory which lacks the bloom of truth, how does he seek to promulgate it? The few use poetry as a medium, but the many take to the novel. Marie Corelli tells with great Pathos about the Sorrows of Satan, which I can well imagine are rather disagreeable; Hall Caine thinks himself divinely commissioned to enlighten an ignorant generation, and forthwith out comes the Christian, but John Storm has wandered far from Paul of Tarsus; Mrs. Humphrey Ward knows all about Catholics, and Helbeck of Bannisdale is made to embody her ideas of the representative Catholic; and lastly Emile Zola undertakes to reform the world's ideas of morality on very new lines.

These are but a few instances, still they serve to show what way the wind blows. Every writer with what seems to him a new idea looks to the novel for an introduction to the public, because a novel from its nature and even from its name is expected to contain something new, startling, and outside the usual experience of man in a normal condition. What pleases us in *Vanity Fair* but the scintillating wickedness of Becky Sharp? There are no possibilities in *Amelia*. Anyone who has read the *Waverly* novels will remember Scott's pusillanimous heroes, and heroes are generally supposed to be the exponents of virtue. Abnormal characters always show well in a novel. The modern psychological novel is a rich proof that the novel that wins favor presses the bizarre into service.

With the poet it is just the opposite. Calcium

light effects are foreign to the genius of poetry. Nothing defiled can enter into Arcady to blight the freshness of its lawns and the blue of its skies. Clothed in white garments with laurel on his brow, the poet wanders up and down this happy realm; sweet songs are loosened from his lip, his ways are ways of pleasantness, and all his paths are peace. I do not know of any great poet who sought to gain the public ear by personal theological systems. We remember Shelley and Keats as men with a Greek openness to beauty, not as the professors of cracked theology.

It is vulgarly imagined that the poet is at best an inspired fool. Those who would belittle the divine art were quick to seize the idea. Let them look to their own clay feet who shoot out their tongue at others. Scott was so vain of an empty title that he killed himself trying to sustain its dignity; George Eliot with all her wide range of learning was a professor of the positive philosophy; and Thackeray's eye squinted before robust human nature. It is to be feared that as many eccentric characters arrange themselves with the novelists as with the poets.

Wordsworth believed that mathematics and poetry were the only branches of learning that would survive the wreck of time. The bases underlying both poetry and mathematics are analogous despite a widely diffused opinion to the contrary. The end of a theorem in geometry is to induce into the student a conception of the relations of the theorem's elements, and ultimately to sharpen his power of perceiving the relation be-

tween ideas and facts in general. A poem to be classic must flow from a mind apprehending in a supereminent degree the relativity of things, for in it nothing may protrude, and everything must have its balance and aid to the harmonious whole.

A modern educator has proposed that we spend one fourth of time given to literature in the study of the sonnet. Not that sonnets contain any great superiority of matter, but because of the advantages to be derived from the thorough knowledge of the sonnet form. There is more mental discipline to be gained by following the subtle hand of a great artist as he creates a fine sonnet than in the sum total of English novels. This assertion may sound bold, but it is not. The three foremost novel-writers of the language, Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, have no system in their work. They take up the thread of a hero's life at some indefinite point, and after following it a year or two, drop it. Their mission of amusing is accomplished, and they are satisfied.

It is a significant fact that the institution followed close upon the outbreak of that kind of physical science which would build a theology from its observations of physical facts and phenomena. This science has lost the idea of harmony which is the vital principle of the poetic tradition. With the aid of electricity, the spectrum, and the microscope, it has succeeded in resolving many things, that were once thought unities, into parts. In what Brunetiere calls the "intoxication of science" they imagined they could go on resolving unities until God himself might be reached and be

reduced to the universal chaos. The sacredness of creation these sciolists supplanted with a theory of accidental organization; and the novel following in the foot-steps of this pseudo-science is built on cognate principles. Your novel-writer has a passion for dissection; he invades man's holy of holies, nothing is sacred in his eyes. He gets the same results as the agnostic scientist—some dozens more simple elements. The sum total of this chaotic knowledge could better be parted with than Wordsworth's "We are Seven."

In all true poetry there is that inexpressible something which lifts a thing out of itself, and leaves it floating free as gossamer; the touch that can do this is a creator of literature. Though the novelist is sometimes gifted with it, it is rather accidental than peculiar to him. We recognize this touch in the exquisite odes of Horace. How trite are his subjects, and still those odes have snared more beauty, grace, and brilliancy than all our novels. Horace has this touch from the classic principle which informs his style; it is the creating breath at which the slumbering affinities in things are fanned into life, and are forever wedded. It was not by chance that his Bandusian Fountain fell into the foam and color of a berry; it is the child of a leisurely elaboration wedded to the poetic principle. A study of this or, indeed, any one of his odes gives one an improved idea of perspective, and perspective, or a just balance in things is, the supreme aim of every artist's mechanism.

And now a final word concerning an admitted

mark of poetry, which puts nobility's own seal upon its brow. The musical character of poetry reveals its kinship with the loveliest and noblest in man. Tennyson's "Frater Ave Atque Vale" overflows with that musical glow which ripens kind thoughts into action:

"Row us out from Densenzano to your Sirmione, row.
So they rowed and so we landed. 'O Venusta Sirmio!'
There to me though all the groves of olives in the
 summer glow,
There beneath the Roman ruin where the purple
 flowers grow,
Came that 'Ave atque Vale' of the poet's hopeless woe,
Tenderest of Roman poets nineteen hundred years ago.
'Frater, Ave atque Vale', as we wandered to and fro
Gazing at the Lydian laughter on the Garda-lake below.
Sweet Catullus's all-but-island, olive silvery Sirmio."

This little poem partly illustrates the musical character of poetry. Had he been a novelist, Tennyson could have only made Catullus say: "Good bye, brother." Being a poet we still have his golden words ringing in our ears. All the world-poets have loved to sing with the "ore rotundo," and we also love them most when their generous thoughts roll forth in large, liquid pearls of speech. Bishop Spalding says: "When thou readest or speakest or hearest, look steadfastly with the mind at the things the words symbolize. If there be question of mountains let them loom before thee; if of the ocean, let its billows roar beneath thy eyes." This advice might be necessary to one about to read a novel; it pertains much less to one who is about to open *Paradise Lost*. The

great poems are written so vividly that they almost of necessity stamp themselves indelibly on the consciousness of the reader. Who would not rather bathe in the morning freshness of poetry than in the stagnant pool of the novelist's scepticism?

THOMAS P. TRAVERS, '99.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE elegy which has immortalized Arthur Hallam's name places Tennyson at once in the foremost rank of English poets. In its specific field it is a work without parallel in any literature. It embodies specimens of art, science, history, and almost every variety of poetry. The greatness of "In Memoriam" first appears to us in a hazy distance, illumined by the faint glimmer of our understanding. Then we gradually approach the poet's thoughts and as we draw nearer, the object assumes quite different dimensions. We do not any longer admire the colossal structure, but single parts of the edifice engage our attention. We must first examine and understand it in all details before the whole can make a lasting and wholesome impression.

Tennyson says that his soul

“was wound, and whirl'd

About empyreal heights of thought

And came on that which is, and caught

The deep pulsations of the world.”

As this confession of the poet is verified in the

work, we perceive at once the vastness of "In Memoriam." It is not restricted to any particular country, nor does it express the soul of some individual person. "In Memoriam" is a world-poem, and such the poet undoubtedly strove to make it. Yet, its worth must not be over-estimated. Some critics have placed "In Memoriam" on the same level with Goethe's "Faust." This, however, seems inconsiderate or cheated judgment. Tennyson does not unfold that keen, minute thought and wide range of ideas found in Goethe. In "Faust" the whole world is really working, "In Memoriam" contains it but in parts.

Still "In Memoriam" occupies a prominent place in the world's literature. Tennyson speaks for mankind in general. Not that the poet was obliged to oppress his own particular feeling; no, but universality had the right to demand a proper standing before individuality. Well, then, may we quote Tennyson's own words for they will best explain:

"Behold, I dream a dream of good
And mingle all the world with thee."

Tennyson saw himself that it would not be befitting to celebrate the memory of his friend in merely personal allusions. His nation and the age had a just claim upon the poet's abilities. To satisfy his people and to fulfill his mission as a true poet, it was necessary to widen the horizon. As Tennyson loved solitude it was natural that he principally labored to unfold the finer, mysterious workings of the mind; that he turned with a special predilection toward the soul of man. To this

he added yet many thoughts of the practical world besides his religious views.

Never did any poet perpetuate the memory of a deceased friend in a worthier manner than Tennyson. He takes the flower of poetry and plants it on Arthur's grave,

"That if it can it there may bloom,
Or dying, there at least may die."

But Tennysonian poetry cannot die, because it hides the true germ of life. It found prolific soil and spread so widely that it encompassed the thoughts and feelings of the world. Who ever dreamed of such rare flowers? Who ever erected a more lasting and more beautiful monument over the grave of a beloved?

Recollections of Arthur's youth are most delightful; they bear the breath of idyllic life. The poet indulges purposely in such remembrances to make his own grief the sharper. But through the haze of sorrow Tennyson looked into eternity and consoled himself with these words:

"I trust he lives in Thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved."

"In Memoriam" is mostly personal—in some respect an autobiography of the poet. Personal, however, we use as referring to the poet as representative of man in general. The struggle of a great soul with doubt and grief is minutely pictured. To mark the various stages through which doubt is laboring affords an interesting study.

First Tennyson ponders over the promising future of Arthur and his own great loss suffered by the premature death of a friend. Thus the

poet gathers fuel with which to nourish his heightening grief. When sorrow has passed the purifying fountain, where grief and doubt are changed into resignation and hope, the poet breaks forth in songs of glorious victory.

Tennyson, to give us a full idea of his grief, expresses it in many different ways. He assumes the character of persons whom misfortune has shaken with merciless hand. Now the poet speaks of himself as a widower, then as of some disappointed lover. The keenest sorrow is conveyed when Tennyson shows us poor little orphans mourning their early loss. It is the most intense picture, because it is so very tender. The unexpected death of their father almost drives the children to despair; the parent's goodness appears in clearer outlines and nothing mars the memory of the departed. They can do no more than whisper:

“How good, how kind, and he is gone.”

The poet is not content in viewing pleasures of youth for themselves only. He sets the most genial joy and the extremes of sorrow face to face, thus doubling by contrast the great loss and the intensity of grief.

Gradually a degree of calmness comes over his soul, and brighter thoughts begin to spring from his mind when

“the shadow feared of men”

again darkens the happy beginning of hope.

But sorrow can not break the poet's spirit. The change that passes over his whole being went on till at length the poet is able to exclaim:

“And in my breast
Spring wakens too, and my regret
Becomes an April-violet.”

The beautiful buds that now open are objects of delight and admiration. Tennyson feels that

“the song of woe
Is after all an earthly song.”

So he changes the key and ranges higher in conception and thought. Yet in his boldest flights the poet never tears the fibers of intimacy. For his own consolation he says that a satisfying union of two souls cannot exist in this life; that earthly loves are but faint shadows of eternal bliss.

How widely does Shelley differ from Tennyson. While Tennyson's love grows more intense owing to Arthur's bliss and greatness, Shelley stands on the precipice of despair; and in this state he speaks to himself:

“He wakes no more, oh, never more.”

Shelley's ideas cannot please us; they are too strange, entirely against the natural longings of man. But Tennyson's notes will mingle with the chords of uncorrupted life.

Now our poet assumes a still more pleasant pitch. It is not any longer the cry of grief or of excited vitality. Emotion ruled for a long period, but now resignation, guided by reason and faith, is the prevailing characteristic. A higher hand seems to govern his feelings, the spirit of Arthur to whisper soft music into his ear. The chords that vibrate from the poet's lyre are pleasantly charming and fall like a balm upon the minds of his readers. Tennyson undoubtedly wrote these strains to soothe his own nature. The effect was

also very wholesome, for satisfaction, repose, and joy are distinctly echoed from the recesses of his soul.

The struggle with doubt had, indeed, lasted long. To all appearances hope seemed to have been supported by a weaker hand, so that victory wavered in long suspense. Hope, however, must not lose the fight. Shelley does not hope, therefore he cannot celebrate a victory. But Tennyson comes forth victorious; he sings in full, far-reaching strains:

“Ring out wild bells to the wild sky.”

As in “In Memoriam” we hear, as it were, the strains of a grand organ that sounds the chords of the human soul, let us examine the notes that build up the chord of religious belief. Much can be said in praise of the poet, but also some erroneous doctrine has found its way into the poem.

While reading the work we invariably ask ourselves how could Tennyson express such sentiments about God, religion, and eternity. His belief as manifested in the poem is not against Catholic teaching; it mostly agrees with it.

Shelley utterly denies immortality. Adonais has lived his few years and passes into non-existence; the poet abandons all hope of ever enjoying his company. Tennyson, however, trusts to be again united to Arthur by stronger, holier bonds. Struggling with doubt, whether life could cease with death or whether man be created for a different end than other creatures, he says:

“My own dim light should teach me this
That life shall live for ever more.”

But to this the poet linked a second thought which cannot be approved of. Divine justice will certainly exercise rigorous measures; it will deal out due reward and deserved punishment. Tennyson, however, fondles many with the thought

“that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill.”

We can easily pardon the slight missteps of Tennyson, when we consider that he advances statements not as positive belief but merely as the expression of a soul struggling through doubt for right. Does the poet not say:

“So runs my dream; but what am I:
An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light.”

Those who attack Tennyson from this side can only do so with a preconceived prejudice. Considering the noble Christian sentiments interwoven throughout the whole poem, if we but interpret his ideas correctly and mark how far he differs from other non-Catholic poets: we must pardon his few shortcomings. Had not a deep religious spirit animated the poet, he could never have spoken the remarkable line:

“Thrice blessed whose lives are faithful prayers.”

In the realm of art “In Memoriam” stands almost unrivaled. Why is it that we are ever drawn to it with a stronger incitement? It is not that the poem contains deep or interesting thoughts or curious revelations, but it is the exquisite poetry that throws this charm around the reader.

Poetry alone establishes the high value of "In Memoriam."

Take, for instance, song LXVII; one can read it repeatedly with growing delight. If however the reader be asked to explain why this is so, he might be at a loss to answer; at least he will not answer satisfactorily.

The poem we have just considered shows the greatness of the Victorian bard in its highest degree. The poet seems to have charged his verses with a full measure of poetic spirit that ever resides in them. Upon so narrow a foundation Tennyson constructed the most singular edifice. Rightly could he speak of himself as of a poet

"That touched the jarring lyre first
But ever strove to make it true."

VITUS A. SCHUETTE, '99.



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EDITORIAL COLUMN.

Does debating pay? The question may seem sacrilegious to us, yet it may not be untimely put. Briefly stated, the peculiar benefit that practice in debate gives is increased power of perceiving and using to the best advantage the weak point of an enemy's position. Debating carries this benefit with it, if it be carried on as debating should be.

Only too often what is advertised as a debate is a mere setting against one another of two speeches prepared previous to the time of delivery. This kind of debating sacrifices all the play of wit against wit, the skillful parry and thrust, and the feigned retreat with its accompanying ambush. To turn Justin Mc Carthy's metaphor to another purpose, the debater should use rather the swordmanship of Saladin than that of stout King Richard. When young men are the debaters, it is here the trouble arises. Their thoughts are unripe and do not drop from the tree with the luscious thump of the ripe fruit. What they think of a subject requires time for shaping before it will charm a mind trained to analyze thoughts and the way they are hung together. In some degree, however, even the least spirited form of debate trains the eye to find the joints of an enemy's mail and makes one dexterous in thrusting his sword into them. On the other hand, this very dexterity is gained only by the slighting of a more estimable quality, sincerity. Brilliance in conclusions tends to make a debate successful. Failing to get this brilliance by licit means, as most young debaters will at times, the debater meets a temptation to build an argument on false premises, or to advance only such phases of a subject as favor a conclusion while keeping those that would discredit the favorable conclusion in the background. Another temptation that will appeal to the young debater as keenly as the rosy apple to the eye of Eve is the flash of wit, which is quite frequently as native to youth as to maturity. Question may

be made whether satire with its sharp edge be seemly even in the hands of age. Wise, old, Franklin counsels against it; and observation reveals that it generally flourishes in a nation which has grown vain with successes and lost its noble character. A person who has once met with applause in ridiculing opposition by a nimbly worded satire craves more of such applause. When the spirit of satire meets the spirit of frankness, it is with the latter as it will be with the lamb when the joyful time comes for it to lie down in peace with the lion: a humorist has said that the lion alone will get up. To recapitulate, practice in the right kind of debate makes the mind nimbler and ready to meet an occasion demanding quickness of thought and action, while it stunts the growth of open character. Whether more merit attach to one quality of mind than to the other would form in the abstract a discussion too abstruse for our grasp. In two characters of modern times, selected out of hand, subtlety is fairly well set against openness. Parnell, who was after Disraeli the readiest man of the Victorian Era when there was question of *coup d'etat*, left an abiding influence which sparkles without giving enlightenment. Justin McCarthy is a man of very different ability. He shrinks from flashiness, but the evident sincerity and justness of his appreciation concerning men and situations lends all his words a charm that is denied to the more brilliant man.

Rudyard Kipling was recently laid up with a bad case of grip, and all the world held its breath till the crisis was over. Mr. Kipling's illness oc-

casioned a general display of that modern disease called slopping over. If the press and people had shed tears over the probable loss of a man who tells stories in a rattling style, common sense might say: "Score one for me." What the people of this country really deplored was the probable loss of a mediator between this country and England. And behold the strangeness of it. Here is a brave, little, innocent come over to teach us tricks of government, and we scatter palms in his way, and cry him long life. That he is innocent and that we are foolish is shown by his little song on the white man's burden,—an effusion altogether without point. The white man of this country took up his burden long ago, took all petty cares from the red man—even the necessity of living. Kipling is an English patriot; after his duties to England are over, he uses the blood and water business for the good of his money pouch. If he could scoop this country to the welfare of his own, we wager, no twinge of conscience would intervene. Kipling should be picked up when the mind runs to the dainty and etherial, as a man picks up his pipe when troubles come upon him. Kipling is a vigorous, young, animal with sense enough to perceive that naturalness is the only thing that will save a man. So far well and good. To genius glory and the incidental pais and rupees without dissent. We cannot grant that his general tendency is good. As an artist he is good, as a teacher, bad. Though a Christian, God's providence is with him rather the chance of the Parcae

than the kindness of a father. Kipling's heroes suffer for the sake of deified humanity, not in submission to God's will. A man reading Kipling exclusively would soon run about on all fours, be as brave as a bull, and wear the brow of a man whose highest ideal is never to give up.

THOMAS P. TRAVERS, '99.

EXCHANGES.

It is doubtful whether anything exerts greater influence in the shaping of men's characters and their after conduct than the reading which they have pursued in boyhood. Good or bad, the effects of it will never be quite erased from heart or mind. So it happens that the writer of our juvenile literature, especially the story-teller, is a power, a great power for good or evil. The Catholic who devotes his time to such writing is deserving of unstinted praise. We can never pay the debt we owe him. God alone can and will. Such periodicals as OUR YOUNG PEOPLE should find in every Catholic a helping hand, for they are doing a noble work in supplying our boys and girls with such abundance of wholesome and delightful reading. The pointed remarks of the editor of the YOUNG PEOPLE are well calculated to instil into the smallest reader a spirit of true manliness. The many illustrations go far toward making the magazine attractive to all. The noble aim of the YOUNG PEOPLE is to create a taste in the boy and

girl, a love for the true, the beautiful, the good. For this may God bless it.

“Be just and fear not. Let all the ends thou aims’t at be thy God’s, thy country’s, and truth’s.” What a grand motto the above, and how well does the old PILOT ever keep it in sight. “Be just and fear not.” Mr. James Jeffrey Roche has them graven on his mind, how well only a reader of the PILOT may know. The one all-important feature of the PILOT is the manner in which it carries out its motto. The vigor and strength of the PILOT is born of the consciousness of power. In most men consciousness of power becomes self-conceit. Not so with Mr. Roche. He has an eternal hatred of the ways of the Scribes and Pharisees of the nineteenth century. The weakness of most men nowadays is, to use an expression of Mr. Roche, that of slopping over. Just now imperialism and Anglomania are responsible for much of it; and it is refreshing to read the PILOT’s timely remarks, if only to note that there is amid so much slop a mite of common sense to be found. At the same time the PILOT is too discriminating a critic as to run into the opposite extreme of considering nothing which it may not flay alive. The PILOT knows its region too well that it should give whole columns to an *ignis fatuus* which has disturbed the equilibrium of the minds of a few, an instance of which was the so-called Americanism. The amount of excellent reading matter which the PILOT furnishes its readers week after week is truly marvelous. The Roman letter continues ever interesting. New Foot-steps in Well-Trodden

Ways is a series of sketches which no student should fail to read. Add to all these features the bits of news from old Erin, and we can well understand why the PILOT is dear to so many thousands of Irish hearts.

Some papers are family papers, some clergymen's papers, etc., but the ideal students' paper is, to our mind, the CHURCH PROGRESS. The editor has the knack of making judicious selections on subjects of national importance and in the editorials shoves a vigorous pen. The PROGRESS is one of the truest exponents of staunch Catholicity in the West. The Points of View (written, we suspect, by Dr. Pallen) are admirable chiefly for the strength and precision with which the writer brings truth home to his readers. Moreover they possess the merit of timeliness. The Catholic who reads the PROGRESS will be equipped with an array of arguments whereby he may intelligently defend his religion and not hang his head in shame at the taunt of every misbelieving or unbelieving upstart. We may indeed read other papers for news, but we always read the PROGRESS when seeking the truth.

It was an unpleasant surprise, indeed, to the many readers of the CATHOLIC UNIVERSE to learn that the competent editor, Mr. Connolly, had severed his connection with that paper to accept a call from the Pacific coast. Mr. Connolly has gained praise for both the UNIVERSE and himself while in control of that paper. The paper that secured the services of Mr. Connolly is to be congratulated, for the UNIVERSE's loss is certainly its

gain. That the former may be happy in the choice of a new editor is our heartfelt wish, for its record is too enviable that it should recede now. The "feature" of the UNIVERSE is the series of travel-sketches by Father McMahon which because of their freshness are really irresistible. The many parish items contribute to make the UNIVERSE an ideal diocesan paper.

It is pleasant to note the new and healthier tone which pervades the editorial columns of our college journals of late. Questions of prime interest to the student body are being discussed and in some instances are quite ably handled. Some still persist in making the editorial column a record of athletics at their respective institutions. The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC is perhaps the greatest sinner in this respect. We have yet to see the first really thought-provoking editorial in that paper.

F. T. SEROCZYNSKI, '99.

SOCIETY NOTES.

C. L. S.—The first meeting under the newly elected president, Mr. Krull, was held Feb. 19th. The new officers seized the reins with a willing, confident, energetic hand which presages well for the society during their term of office. As the coffers of the society were lately replenished by term fees and expansion, they empowered the president to appoint a committee of five to invest a certain amount of the finances in books for the

library. Members of the committee are Messrs. F. Seroczynski, T. Travers, W. Hordeman, V. Krull, and D. Brackman. The society next proceeded to make provisions for taking a prominent part in the commencement programme. For this end another committee was appointed to consult with Rev. Father Benedict, Moderator, as to the probabilities of rendering a play on commencement eve. The result of the conference will be published in our next issue. The committee members are Messrs. F. Seroczynski, T. Travers, F. Kuenle, H. Fehrenbach, and E. Deininger. Mr. P. Wahl was admitted into the society by a unanimous vote.

The programme given by the Columbians according to custom on Washington's birthday proved very instructive and amusing. The rendition of the programme was entrusted to able and veteran members, which left no doubt of its success. The debate was conducted by Messrs. D. Brackman and F. Seroczynski in defending the affirmative and Messrs. V. Krull and T. Travers taking the negative. The subject, Resolved that the study of the novel affords more mental and moral culture than that of poetry, was certainly a very interesting one, and was made more so by the determination that each speaker displayed in almost every word that was spoken to defend successfully his phase of the question. The Rev. judges awarded the palm of victory to the gentlemen on the affirmative. Mr. Joseph Mutch in a serious recitation acquitted himself with his usual success. Mr. H. Fehrenbach in the role of a lecturer on a possible trip to the north-pole and to the moon

advanced many Utopian arguments which evoked much laughter and applause from the audience. If Mr. Fehrenbach succeeded for a while in convincing us as to the truth of his doctrines, which was quite possible as they were clothed in witty language, Mr. I. Rapp was equally successful in pointing out to us the errors of Mr. Fehrenbach's teachings and showed that he still possessed some knowledge of history, geography, etc.

Under the auspices of the C. L. S., a lecture will be given by Rev. Father Wiechmann, Gas City, Ind., St. Patrick's evening. A more detailed account of the programme will be given in the next number.

A. L. S. — Sunday evening, March 5th., the Aloysians presented a programme which did them as well as their Rev. Moderator, Father Bonaventure, much credit. Each member carried out his part almost to perfection. Masters A. Junk and L. Dabbelt each entertained the audience with a well-chosen recitation. Master W. Flaherty in his rhyming story of "Pat and the Pig" excellently impersonated the Irishman much to the amusement of the audience. Mr. O. Bremerkamp in a grave, sonorous voice delivered the oration of the day. His plea for the kindlier treatment of Italian organ-grinders in this country on the ground that "they were to make harmony between the two great nations" was especially strong. Mr. Bremerkamp became quite dramatic in some passages of the oration. Mr. H. Horstman, president, delivered his address on kindness in a dignified manner worthy of the high station he holds in the

society. The comic dialogues were very amusing. The "darkey" afterpiece was one of the best numbers on the programme. The "paper" was exceedingly fine.

Marian Sodality.—At the regular meeting the following were chosen consultors: Messrs. F. Kuenle, H. Horstman, H. Wellman, J. Braun, L. Dabbelt, from St. Aquino Hall; from St. Xavier Hall, Messrs. T. Saurer, H. Seiferle, R. Stoltz, E. Flaig, A. Koenig. For secretary Mr. H. Muhler was chosen. The sodality members received the sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist in a body on Sunday, March 5th. We should kindly remind the consultors that it is their duty to observe, without becoming offensive or uncharitable, the conduct of those students who are candidates for reception into the sodality. In turn, we should have those who sincerely wish to become votaries of the Blessed Virgin remember that their conduct in every day life not only during the time of their probation but at all future time should be blameless at least from more grievous faults.

Columbian Philharmonic Club.—For the last few years there has been a perceptible deficiency of "good cheer" in our programmes with which as a recreation for the student they should be replete. This deficiency has been considerably remedied by the organization of the Philharmonic Club under the able leadership of Rev. Father Benedict. The club has already made its debut and, judging from the favor with which its first productions were received, it will be considered as a necessary part of all future programmes. Father

Benedict's ability as leader of vocal musicians is well known, and he will undoubtedly favor us with some fine selections before the close of the scholastic year '98—'99. The following are members of of the club: First tenor, F. Deininger and R. Stoltz; Second tenor, D. Neuschwanger, E. Hefele, and W. Arnold; First bass, C. Faist, J. Mutch, and S. Kremer; Second bass, H. Fehrenbach, and I. Rapp; Pianist, V. Schuette.

Military.—February the 24th an extensive programme was rendered in the morning and afternoon under the auspices of the Military. It consisted of drills by the Zouaves and Cos. A and B. After the military programme the different athletic contests took place. The following is the result of first prizes gained: Potato race, T. Ehinger; running race, W. Arnold; donkey race, W. Flaherty; pie race, B. Horstman; accountant race, C. Frahlich; greased pig race, W. Keilman; tug of war, Capt. Recker and his men; progressive euchre, S. Shenk.

The following privates for their excellent conduct and drilling received premiums: Private B. Recker, Zouave; Private H. Plas, Zouave; Private H. Wellman, Zouave; Private L. Dabbelt, Co. A.; Private L. Wagner, Cadet.—W. Arnold, '01.

PERSONAL.

The following Rev. Fathers witnessed the various programmes rendered by the students of St. Joseph's College on Washington's Birthday: Rev. C. Ganser, Kentland, Ind.; Rev. M. Zan-

buelto, Hanover Centre, Ind.; Rev. J. Berg, Remington, Ind.; Rev. J. Kubaski, Reynolds, Ind.; Rev. J. Bilstein, Goodland, Ind.; Rev. T. Wittmør, C. PP. S., Glandorf, O.; Rev. P. W. Schirack, C. PP. S.

Mrs. Col. E. Hammond of Lafayette, Ind., who had come to Rensselaer on account of a joint birthday-celebration with her brother, Mr. M. L. Spittler, called at the College last Monday. Mrs. Hammond is still gratefully remembered by the Faculty and Students for many kind services and generous donations in behalf of the College.

Bros. William and Ferdinand Zink, C. PP. S., were pleasantly surprised by a visit from their brother, Mr. Norbert Zink of Kansas City, Mo.

Messrs. M. H. Wiltzius & Co., Milwaukee, Wis., have our thanks for a complimentary copy of Hoffmann's Catholic Directory. W. Arnold, '01.

CARDS OF THANKS.

The St. Joseph's College Battalion hereby expresses sincere thanks to the Rev. Rector for the twenty-five new breech-loading Springfield arms he lately purchased for the Boebner Columbian Zouaves.

It is once more our pleasant duty to acknowledge the receipt of quite a number of donations for our grotto. Mrs. Bremerkamp lately sent in a dollar for candles; a gallon of olive oil was donated by Mrs. Junk. Our music professor, C. Hemmersbach, presented a very costly hanging-lamp; while the different members of the Rev. Faculty

contributed a fair amount toward purchasing pyramid lamps.

We must not forget to thank the Ven. Sisters, C. PP. S., of the College and of Maria Stein, O., who may, indeed, have reason to think us tardy in acknowledging a donation of theirs—a beautiful rose-bush.

F. B. ERSING, '98.

HONORARY MENTION.

FOR CONDUCT AND APPLICATION.

The names of those students that made 95—100 per cent in conduct and application during the month of February appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90—95 per cent.

95—100 PER CENT.

F. Kuenle, F. Seroczynski, T. Travers, E. Ley, W. Arnold, J. Mutch, C. Rohrkemper, C. Uphaus, G. Diefenbach, H. Horstman, E. Werling, B. Recker, P. Biegel, C. Frahlich, A. Bremerkamp, H. Plas, J. Seitz, J. Meyer, H. Wellman, F. Theobald, L. Walther, C. Diemer, B. Nowak, J. Steinbrunner, W. Keilman, O. Bremerkamp, A. McGill, J. Wessel, H. Muhler, C. Wetli, J. Braun, A. Kamm, C. Hemsteger, L. Dabbelt, M. Schwieterman, F. Wagner, B. Horstman, L. Wagner, C. Hils, T. Brackman, D. Brackman, H. Fehrenbach, F. Deininger, V. Krull, I. Rapp, V. Schuette, C. Faist, P. Kanney, L. Linz, D. Neuschwanger, F. Hefeale, H. Seiferle, C. Miller, B. Staiert, A. LaMotte, S. Hartman, S. Kremer, B. Holler, R. Smith, M. Koester, A. Schuette, L. Huber, L.

Hoch, B. Scherzinger, F. Steinbrunner.

90—95 PER CENT.

E. Wills, O. Holtschneider, S. Shenk, P. Wahl, T. Ehinger, W. Flaherty, N. Keilman, A. Junk, J. Mayer, F. Ersing, V. Muinch, P. Staiert, C. Mohr, R. Stoltz, R. Monin, E. Flaig, B. Eckstein, M. Schmitter, I. Wagner, M. Kirsch, H. Knapke.

FOR CLASS WORK.

In the first paragraph appear the names of those students that have made an average of 90 per cent or above in all their classes during the month of February. The names of those that reached an average of from 84—90 per cent will be found in the second paragraph.

90—100 PER CENT.

T. Travers, T. Saurer, I. Rapp, V. Schuette, P. Staiert, P. Kanney, W. Arnold, C. Mohr, F. Hefele, B. Staiert, R. Monin, S. Hartman, S. Kremer, M. Koester, E. Werling, A. Schuette, R. Smith, H. Muhler, M. Schwieterman, I. Wagner, H. Knapke, C. Rohrkemper, J. Steinbrunner.

84—90 PER CENT.

F. Seroczynski, W. Hordeman, T. Kramer, D. Neuschwanger, H. Seiferle, J. Mutch, C. Miller, B. Holler, E. Wills, B. Horstman, M. Schmitter, X. Jaeger, E. Flaig, L. Hoch, L. Tansey, W. Flaherty, J. Braun, C. Hils, A. Koenig, C. Grube, A. Rainer, F. Didier, D. Hammon, M. Kirsch, C. Uphaus, J. Seitz, H. Plas, J. Meyer, A. Bremerkamp, B. Recker, J. Trentman, L. Walther, S. Shenk, T. Ehinger, L. Dabbelt, F. Wagner, C. Wetli.